THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

AND FRANK VINDICATOR

VOL. I NO. 15. BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910 $2.00 YEARLY

RAILWAY BILLS

Ratify Agreement Between B.C. Government And C. N. R.

Victoria, March 1. - The railway legislation promised by the provincial government was introduced into the legislature to-day. It consisted of three bills, one ratifying provincial agreement entered between the government and Mackenzie and Mann. A second act to incorporate the Canadian Northern Railway Company and a third a bill ratifying the agreement between and the Kettle River Valley Railway Company.

The memorandum of agreement with Mackenzie and Mann provides that in return for the guarantee by the government of the company for the construction of the British Columbia lines to the extent of $35,000 a mile including eighty miles on Vancouver Island, the railway pledges itself to complete these lines within four years, the lines to run from English Bluff near Vancouver to connect with the Canadian Northern lines at the eastern boundary of the province and from Victoria to a point on Barclay Sound.

The railway company agrees never to seek Dominion incorporation and places the control forever in the hands of the provincial government without appeal to the Dominion Railway Commission A car ferry between the island and the mainland is provided for and car shops are to be maintained in Victoria.

Mackenzie and Mann covenant to indemnify the province against any loss through their guarantee, depositing securities to the extent of $500,000 with the government as forfeit. The money realized from the sale of the bonds remains to the credit of the provincial government to be paid over upon the different sections of the work being certified to as completed.

Through Mountains in Two Years

Montreal, Feb. 25. - Mr. J. W. Stewart, of the contracting firm of Foley, Larsen & Stewart, left yesterday for the West, and although he would express no opinion, it is expected that his firm will get the contract for the gap, extending from the top of the summit westward 400 miles, where the same firm's contract of 245 miles running up from Prince Rupert is met with. To date 5000 men are engaged on the section of 300 miles west of Edmonton, and on the 245 miles eastward from the Pacific, coast and a great many more will be put on during the coming summer.

The manager states that 1912 will see the road open for traffic through the mountains and enough is now known as to the situation through the pass, a distance of 60 miles, to justify Mr. Stewart's saying that there is room for 20 sets of rails.

The most surpsising part of his statement, however, is to the effect that the Mackenzie & Mann survey and absolute location fairly hugs the Grand Trunk Pacific from Edmonton westward a distance of 350 miles. The two lines will be practically in sight of each other for all this distance.

J. W. Sadler, representing the Coleman Miner, visited Frank and Blairmore this week.

OUR NEW NAVY

Our New Navy Discussed In Nova Scotia Legislature

Halifax, February 28.— Fine cool weather prevailed at the opening of the local Legislature Thursday afternoon, with a guard of honor from the Royal Canadian Regiment in attendance.

Regarding the navy proposals, the Lieutenant Governor said: "The Government has observed with satisfaction the proposed plan for a Canadian naval service to act in co-operation with the Imperial Navy. The construction of the vessels which are to form the nucleus of this fleet will, it is hoped, assist in again establishing the great shipbuilding interests of the Maratime Provinces, the revival of which is of paramount importance to this province. As every effort should be put forth to ensure the establishment of the ship yards in this province, the Legislature will be asked to give this matter earnest consideration."

HOPE FOR COAL SETTLEMENT

The adjustment of difficulties between the coal and steel industries, continued the speech, was a matter of profound satisfaction. The amalgamation of the conflicting interests would, he felt assured, result in the more extended development of these industries. He proceeded: "The immediate realization of the full benefits to be derived therefrom has been much [illegible] of this unfortunate and prolonged strike. It is a matter of sincere hope that some means may shortly be found for the satisfactory settlement of this deplorable affair, which affects so large a section of the population and has so important a bearing on the industrial growth of our province.

The output of the coal mines, owing chiefly to the result of strikes, was materially less than last year. Notwithstanding the temporary reduction in output, however, the work of developing the properties has been steadily carried on.

The Address in reply to the Speech was moved by R. M. MacGregor, Pictou, and seconded by J H. Livingston, the new member for Cumberland.

Killed At Bellevue

A lad named Mike Kiaola, working in the Bellevue mine, received a crush by the motor dinky on Saturday, which caused almost instant death. He was only sixteen years of age and was putting in his first shift in this mine. The funeral took place at the Blairmore cemetery on Monday. T. W. Davies, undertaker, of Coleman, took charge of the burial, while Rev. Father Lajat conducted the funeral obsequies.

Pretty Personal

In one of the large cities a street car collided with a milk cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man and said sternly: "Mind your own business!"

SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the North-West Territories and British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal sub-divisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5, which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

Every Lessee of coal mining rights which are not being operated shall furnish the district Agent of Dominion Lands with a sworn statement to that effect at least once in each year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion lands.

W. W. Cory,
Deputo Minister of the Interior.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of following plans:

(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the and in each year of the three years

(2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months notice in writing should be given to the Commissioners of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. Cory.
Deput of the Minister of the Interior.

Steam Boilers Act.

ENGINEER'S EXAMINATION

Notice is hereby given that an examination will be held by Nathaniel Marshall, of Lethbridge, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers for the Province of Alberta, at Lethbridge, Feb. 25 and 26, A. R. & I. Reading Rooms. Frank, March 4 and 5, Frank Hotel. Pincher Creek, March 8th, Arlington Hotel. Macleod, March 10th, Town Hall, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for Certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application forms may be obtained on application to the Department or to the above named Inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declaied to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

JOHN STOCKS,
12-3 Deputy Minister.

The Local Improvement Act. Educational Tax Act, Village Act And The School Assessment Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of the Local Improvement Act, Educational Tax, Village Act, and the School Assessment Ordinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court has appointed Thursday, the 7th day of April. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House in the town of Macleod, for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the Returns made under the provisions of Section 91 of the Local Improvement in regard to the following Local Improvement districts;

Local Improvement Districts 6-S-4, 7-S-4, 8-S-4 4-T-4, 5-T-4, 6-T-4, 7-T-4, 8-T-4, 8-W-4, 2-Z-4, 3-Z-4, 4-Z-4, 3-A-5, 4-A-5, 603 and 604.

And to Section 11 of the Educational Tax Act in respect of land situated within the following area: viz,—

Townships 9 to 16 in Range 23 West of 4th Mer.
Townships 8 to 16 in Range 24 West of 4th Mer.
Townships 5 to 16 in Ranges 25, 26 W. of 4th Mer
Townships 3 to 16 in Ranges 27, 28, 29, W. of 4 M.
Townships 1 to 16 in Range 30 West of 4th Mer.
Townships 1 to 14 in Ranges 1 to 6 West of 4th M.

And of Section 67 of the Village Act in respect of the following villages: viz,—

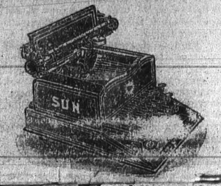
Village of Blairmore, Village of Coleman, Village of Granum and Village of Stavely.

And of Section 19 of the School Assessment Ordinance in respect of the following School Districts; viz.—

School Districts Nos. 311, 469, 520, 573, 792, 798, 878, 939, 1007, 1052, 1066, 1081, 1121, 1113, 1188, 1287, 11336, 1338, 1360, 1371, 1409, 1431, 1439, 1447, 1485, 513, 1521, 1531, 1538, 1625, 1677 and R. C. P. 18.

Dated at Edmonton this 5th day of February 1910.

JNO. PERRIE,
Tax Commissioner
12-8 Department of Public Works



NOTICE

The partnership heretofore existing between Frank Knight, G. H. Laundry and J. McGhee and known as Frank Knight & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All parties having accounts against this company are requested to present their bills to G. H. Laundry of Blairmore, within thirty days from publication of this notice.

Dated at Blairmore, this 9th day of December, 1909.

J. McGHEE
G. H. LAUNDRY

✣ His ✣ Courtship.

By HELEN R. MARTIN,
Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

(Continued.)

Again to Kinross' ear that sometning in her speech so unlike that of the rest of the family! So arrested was he by it that for an instant he did not answer her question. His silence was answer enough for her, and again she quickly stepped away from the fence.

"No"—he abruptly stopped her—"you don't annoy me."

He was struck with the absurdity of his telling a young woman that her society did not annoy him. He saw in the dimness how her face lighted up at his words, and a quick compassion stirred him.

"Poor, lonely child!" he thought.

But in the same instant he realized that her sudden radiance was clouded over by her habitual pensiveness.

"I'm not important enough to," came her response in a low, sorrowful voice. "Am I?"

He turned and looked at her. "Now! Eunice," he asked after an instant's weighing of it, "just what do you mean by that?"

"A kitten or a poodle would annoy you more than I, so you don't feel obliged to dodge about to be rid of me as you do of—others—who are more important."

Hello! She had found her voice; she was become articulate! Was that a note of bitterness he caught in her words?

"I will go indoors now," she repeated, with a melancholy dignity, as again she drew back from the fence.

He had an impulse to urge her to stay. There was an undefined impression in his mind that he wanted to question her about herself. But both the impulse and the impression were too vague to urge to prompt action, and before he could clarify them she was gone.

Eunice meantime, as she sped across the orchard, was already regretting passionately that she had left him. If she did not annoy him was not that enough for her to expect? Why had she not remained to drink in at least the happiness of being near him? And what did it matter if to him her existence was as that of a fly?

"He was speaking to me—to me—and I came away!"

She stopped short in her quick walk and half turned to go back. Her eyes fell upon two figures just coming into the orchard and walking toward the spring house. They were the young ladies, and they had spied Pete where he still stood by the fence. Daisy's rippling, shallow laughter floated to her on the quiet evening air. She stood still and watched. Would Dr. Kinross go away when he heard them coming? Yes, he was moving off, though escape was not very easy. She heard Daisy call out to him to stop him. She saw him hesitate, then turn back and wait. Daisy ran up to him and caught hold of his shirt sleeve. Georgiana followed with slow, stately grace.

Presently the three of them went across the orchard together toward the lane that led to the hill. Were they going to climb the hill together? The sunset view from there was very fine. It was the one spot in all the region that was dear to her, because here, in solitude, she had known some hours of peace and even of happiness, and the place had come to seem to her her very own. And now those girls were going there with him—to her hill.

She shrank back into the shadow of some trees as they came near enough to see her.

"It's a good deal of a climb," she heard Dr. Kinross say in a tone of warning.

"I'm game!" Daisy declared. And then they moved out of her hearing.

She watched them as they emerged into the road and went up the lane until they disappeared around a bend at the foot of the hill.

Her bosom rose and fell in a long deep breath as at last she turned away and slowly, with her head wearily drooping, walked through the garden to the kitchen porch and went into the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOUR mother wouldn't leave me go, Abe, you know that, even if I wanted to."

"Yes," said Abe bitterly, "even if you wanted? That's the way you put it, ain't? And you don't want. If you'd make your mind up, Eunice, that you wanted to go, don't you know that mom she wouldn't have the dare to stop you? Because you're got your age, and if mom tries to poss you you have the right to up and tell her, 'I don't have to.' It's time you knowed that oucest!"

Eunice looked at her foster brother and would be lover with sudden attention. They were in the spring house, he standing in the doorway and barring her exit, and she, with her daily burden of butter, cheese and milk for the dinner table, waiting anxiously to be allowed to pass.

"Have I the right, Abe, to follow my own will?" she asked, with a repressed eagerness, which Abe instantly interpreted as referring to his invitation to her to go with him next day to the circus in town. "I didn't know that, Abe!"

"You're your own boss when you're eighteen a'ready."

"But your mother and father—" she reasoned, repeating the reason which had been ground into her ever since she could remember anything, "and we have a right to control me, haven't they?"

There was an anxious wistfulness in her eyes which thrilled her baffled and discouraged suitor with hope.

"Don't you earn your keep and a good bit over where [which] you don't get? If they had a hired girl do naif what you do, still they'd have to give her two a week."

"But, then, I am working for them now to pay for the years they supported me when I was too little to work."

"Och, Eunice, you was always wonderful dumm!" There ain't no time since you was five years old a'ready that you ain't earnt all it cost to keep you, and them couple years before that when you was too little—well," he said mysteriously, "I could tell you somepin if I wanted—somepin where would make you say to mom and pop pretty quick, 'I don't have to.' They had ought to be payin' you wages. It ain't right they don't."

"Tell me what you mean about those two years of my childhood."

Abe hesitated. "Pop would jaw me somepin turrible if I tole you. You just wait. Some time I'll tell you mebbe. But now," he urged, "if you're got any spunk you up and tell 'em you're gotn' along with me to the circus in. Ain't you will, Eunice? Och, go on!"

He attempted a clumsy caress, but she drew back. Abe scowled angrily.

"Look at here, Eunice. You might be glad I wanted to keep comp'ny with you!"

"Why?" she asked, with a childlike wonder, as though the proposition were a curious one.

"Ain't I gotn' to be well fixed till pop's deceased a'ready?" he demanded. "And look at the good times you could have off of me, buggy ridin' Sundays and goin' to circuses and all. When does a girl ever get any fun without a gen'man friend to run with her? And it ain't everybody fixed like me would want to keep comp'ny with you, neither—with pop and mom so down on my runnin' with a girl where won't have no aussteuer. You won't bring me nothin'," he said ruefully. "Nothin' but my pop's and mom's spite! Yes, you might be glad, anyhow, I want you!"

Eunice regarded him thoughtfully, but made no answer.

"Can't you see it that there way?" he persisted.

"But I could not let any man sacrifice so much for me, even if I did want to marry him."

"There you go ag'in!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Even if you did want, you say! I can't see why you don't want. Sure I'm all his discouraged tone changing to hopeful, "is it mebbe because you don't like to get pop and mom down on me? But," he reasoned, "you see, I'd develop up on you. don't weigh ag'in what I'd be gettin'. And, you see, I'd reason to pop and mom, too. Look at the way, 'Eunice, she ain't been raised to go much or spend any at the cloes like some, and she's used to hard work and in the end she'd mebbe save me more'n if I married another one where had money, but where wasn't contented not to be spendin' and goin'. I've spoke them argyments to myself, still, a'ready, when I thought of your not bringin' me any aussteuer—and them same reasonings would weigh with pop and mom, Eunice," he urged coaxingly.

"I do not doubt it, Abe."

"Then you'll go with—to the circus?" he pleaded. "Ain't?"

"No!"

"Can't take your part ag'in pop and mom. Ain't you got any spunk? Or don't you like circuses—or what?"

"I'm not afraid of your mother and father, though your mother's lond complainings often worry me—when I listen to them. But, Abe, I don't let you spend money taking me pleasure seeking when I don't intend to marry you."

According to the Pennsylvania Dutch social standards, such a course on the part of the girl would have been perfidious, inasmuch as acceptance of an invitation to go with one's "gent'man friend" to a circus was tantamount to accepting a proposal of marriage.

"I'd like to know," said Abe sullenly, "how you expec' to do any better."

"Would you, Abe? I'll tell you," she said gently. "I'd do better by lying down across the railroad tracks and letting the cars run over me."

She made another quick move to pass him. for Mrs. Morningstar's shrill tones were shrieking angry commands to the girl to stop dawdling there with her Abe and come in with them "wittles."

For any least attention paid to her by the son of her foster parents Eunice was always made to suffer, it being assumed gratuitously that the penniless girl and not the prospectively rich youth did the love making.

But Abe was so spellbound with amazement at such startling speech from the usually meek and submissive girl that he did not hear or at least give not heed his mother's voice. As Eunice forced her way past him the close contact of her body sent the fire bounding his veins, and he seized her about the waist and pressed his lips to her cheek—just as his mother, in a rage, strode to the spring house door and as Dr. Kinross, with his books concealed in an old basket, was surreptitiously returning by a back way from his morning's outing.

"You little hussy!" cried Mrs. Morningstar. "Go in and tend to the dinner and leave our Abe be!"

"You leave me be, mom," retorted Abe, looking shamefaced, but his mother, not stopping to discuss the matter with him, walked after Eunice into the house, her angry upbraidings following the girl into the kitchen.

"Now, what a spiritless creature the damsel is not to turn on that woman and resent her abuse!" Dr. Kinross thought [illegible] impatience, as he slowly followed them up the path to the house.

Meantime Abe, still tingling from the joy of his stolen embrace, was hastily examining something that he had found in the spring house which had excited his jealous suspicion. While he had been waiting for Eunice to come to the spring he had accidentally discovered, sticking under the door sill, an envelope addressed to Miss Eunice Morningstar. Now, judging from his own feelings toward the girl, he did not see how any man's eyes could rest upon her and not desire her, and he had therefore leaped to the instant conclusion that this was a love letter to Eunice from "that dude towner," as he privately characterized Kinross.

A rage of jealousy had swept over him [illegible] had been about to tear [illegible] when the sudden appearance of Eunice in the doorway has caused him quickly to conceal it in his pocket, to be examined or destroyed later.

So, while his mother was driving the girl into the house with her reproaches, he stepping in the spring house, was tearing open, with hands that shook, the letter addressed to another.

His jaw dropped in amazement as he saw the name subscribed at the end of the sheet. "Your affectionate Mysteriny Ella sister Olle's beau!" What could be writing to Eunice for? Did he want to be a bigamist? With a curiosity equal to his jealousy Abe read the brief epistle.

"Dear Eunice.—There's a misunderstanding. I don't think I deserve this from you. But when I begun to come Sundays, Olle she took it for herself. But it ain't her. It's you. It don't come easy for me again her I don't mean her. She'd take it some hard. I can see it at her how she favers me a good bit, mebbe, so I reckoned it could be a good purvider. I wanted to keep company with you ever since I seen you on church chivvie Sday, six weeks back already. Well, that Sunday you was on church once, ain't? When you come in church I seen you says to me, that's Eunice Morningstar. I says to myself, of course you out too. I know that's and she looks so pretty, I believe I love her. Anyhow you can write to me and tell me about it. I prad one night to find out if you was the right one. I gave a quarter in the collection when you was in church. God loves a cheerful giver. Well, I hat to stop now. You will write to me now, ain't? If I spell diffrunt, I'm spelling simplified. Cordially your lover,

HENRY MUCKLEHENNY.

A look of cunning settled about Abe's mouth as he finished his surreptitious reading. It was no slight shock to discover that he had so strong a rival as Hen Muckleheny. Nevertheless he felt quite equal to coping with him.

(To be Continued.)

House of Keys.

As an illustration of the variety of experience the public service of Canada represents it is interesting to know that the newly-appointed clerk of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, Mr. A. L. Cowell, J.P., is a veteran officer of the Government of the Isle of Man, of whose unique Parliamentary institutions readers of "The Decemnial" have recently had some idea. Besides being a member of various Government departments, in the Isle of Mona, Mr. Cowell was for over twenty years a member of the picturesque "House of Keys," the popular branch of the Legislature or Tynwald. There is no Legislature under the British flag where the work of legislation is hedged about with more safeguards in the shape of formalities than that of the Isle of Mona. For instance, bills, after having passed both Houses are signed by the members, and then sent for the Royal Assent. The signatures must include those of a clear majority of both branches—in the case of the House of Keys, thirteen out of the complete membership of twenty-four. After receiving the Royal Assent, bills do not become law until they have been promulgated in the English and Manx languages on the Tynwald Hill and a certificate thereof has been signed by the Governor and Speaker of the House of Keys. After his long public service in a country where such exceptional respect for formality is enforced, Mr. Cowell, as the chief officer of the Alberta Legislative Assembly, is not likely, without a vigorous protest, to allow any of the supposed free-and-easy tendencies in the far west to interfere with the maintenance of Parliamentary decorum in Alberta's infant Parliament.

Branch of the Choate Family.

It is not generally known that a branch of the Choate family, which has been so prominent in United States political and diplomatic affairs ever since revolutionary times, is living in Canada—in the Niagara district and British Columbia—the descendants of United Empire loyalists who demonstrated their attachment to British institutions by abandoning their home in the new republic to take up lands in the then Canadian wilderness. This fact has been brought to notice by the return to the British Columbia Legislature at the recent general election of one prominent member of the family from the Canadian Choates. The gentleman in question is Mr. James Pearson Shaw, the new M.P.P. for Shuswap, a young man of 35 years (born near Hamilton, Ont.) was Marie Jane Choate, in response to enquiries, Mr. Shaw states that there is no question of the connection of his mother's family, with the United States Choates, her ancestors having come from the same district as theirs. Mr. Shaw, who is a bachelor, was born in Glanford Township, Ontario, and taught school for two years in Brant, before going to British Columbia in 1904.

Codfish Leather.

Everybody has heard of the Newfoundland fisheries, but the fact that the skins of the codfish are being converted into leather will be news to most people. Mr. S. D. Arnaud, the Canadian trade commissioner at Halifax, has received a sample of cod-skin leather, manufactured by Mr. J. Clouston, from St. John's, Nfld. It is a sort tan, and apparently durable as well as pliable.

FEARLESS OLD SEA-DOG

M'LAREN OF THE ENTERPRISE HAS HAD THRILLING CAREER.

Atlantic Coast Skipper, Who Was Recorded as Having Made a Rough Trip the Other Day on the Nova Scotia Coast, Once Commanded One of the Fisheries' Protection Fleet—Empress' Adventure.

The Maritime Province papers the other day chronicled the arrival in port after a very rough passage of the stout-coasting steamer Enterprise, which maintains with wonderful regularity a service between Georgtown and other ports along the east side of Prince Edward Island, and Pictou, Hawkesbury, Musgrave, Port Hood and other Nova Scotia ports. The designer, originator, and captain of the Enterprise, William McLaren, is one of the oldest and most skillful navigators in the Maritime Provinces. For several years his name was familiar throughout Canada as commander of one of the fisheries protection fleets. It will be remembered that upon the termination of the Washington treaty in 1885, the Dominion Government took steps for the equipment of a squadron to enforce the rights of Canadian fishermen and to protect Canadian inshore fisheries according to the terms of the Convention of 1818. All of the Government owed steamship vessels were equipped and commissioned, and several other smart craft were chartered and placed under property commissions as officers. Captain McLaren, who has scores of other "deep sea captains" in the Maritime Provinces has found his old occupation gone with the wooden sailing ship, was at the time engaged in the coastal trade as captain of the schooner Critic, a stout smart vessel of which he was owner. The Fisheries Department considered Captain McLaren and his schooner both suited for the fishery protection service and both were secured, the latter being commissioned to command his own vessel. Captain McLaren is still a strong, athletic man. In the eighties he was very active, and it is his wonder that he and the Critic were terrors to poachers.

He had his crew on the Critic drilled and disciplined like that of a man-of-war, and even to-day naval niceties prevail on the Enterprise. None of the officers or crew may address the skipper without a smart "Ay, ay, sir," "Aye, aye, sir," "Port it is, sir," etc., etc. The writer of these notes last summer had occasion to make a trip on the Enterprise, and being struck with the disciplined way of doing every thing on board made enquiries, and was informed that "the skipper was the captain of a smarter ship of the fishery navy, and a corker he was too." The first opportunity for a chat was seized and most enjoyable it was, for like most sailors, Captain McLaren can tell a good story, and two stories about his experience at sea were worth making notes of.

In the old wooden-vessel days there was a fierce trade for shipbuilding in Prince Edward Island. In every cove and bay there was a ship in course of construction, generally a brigantine or barquentine, when completed they were laden with timber and sailed to England, where both ship and cargo were sold. Captain McLaren had sailed one brigantine over and had made the usual sale. He tried to get a ship for the voyage back, and eventually shipped as second mate and carpenter on a barq named the Empress. The chief things about this vessel were that she was poorly manned, was an indifferent sailor, and had a most gorgeous figure-head, a wooden representation of an Oriental empress, in mid-Atlantic they fan into a terrible gale which did all sorts of damage, among other things loosening the figure head so much that it looked as though it would be carried away.

As the captain was very anxious to save the wooden representation of Oriental beauty, Mr. McLaren had himself lowered over the bow and lashed to the bobstay, so that he could cut away the forced bolts, and so release the figure-head that it could be housed up on deck. Something, however, ne and the ship's course so changed temporarily that she would take the seas over her quarter instead of ploughing bow forward into them. While McLaren was busy at work with his chisel the bowsman lost control of the ship, and she dropped right round into the gale, ploughing her bow under the huge waves and shipping a heavy sea. McLaren, unable to help himself, for he could not unhasten the bobstay knots which held him to the bobstay, was held under water for what seemed an interminable time, and he actually resigned himself to the fate of being drowned like a rat in a trap. Fortunately the captain of the barq, who was below, divined that something was wrong, jumped up from the close quarters of bunks, and managed to get control of the barq and bring her round just in time to save his second mate's life.

Captain McLaren thought sooner that the narrowest squeak for life which he had and during his seafaring career. He was disposed to award the palm as "the closest shave" in experience he had when he was a young man. He had been chasing some of the crew for stowaways in turning the top sgaresail yard, and one of the men mistrusted that it could not be done any faster. McLaren felt that it was incumbent upon him to show that it could, and going aloft, he was soon out on the top-gaansel yard. The ship giving a lurch, a rope of which he had held and by which he was steadying himself, broke, and he found himself precipitated into space. He thought at once that his end had come; but as fortune would have it, he was interrupted in his fall by the topmast yard, he falling across it, and so gently that he was able to seize it and easily gain a secure footing.

Sewing in Sleeves.

When sewing in sleeves, instead of binding the seams in the tailor's French seam, it is better and quicker.

GAS TO FIGHT FIRE.

An Incombustible Preparation Invented for Ships by Australian.

An ingenious device to smother fire on ships by distributing throughout the vessel incombustible gases drawn from the funnels has been invented by an Australian. Between 1892 and 1902 no less than 364 vessels were reported burned at sea, not to speak of those that doubtless were destroyed in this way without news of the fact reaching land. Besides these fatal fires, there were hundreds of others that were extinguished only with great effort and after more or less damage had been done. Methods of fighting fire on shipboard are now most imperfect.

The admission of water to the hold is often insufficient, and may perhaps be dangerous on account of its weight, which diminishes the buoyancy of the hull. It is needless to add that it also spoils the whole cargo, even that part not reached by the fire. For this reason steam is often used as a substitute and inventors have been planned to introduce carbonic gas.

An Australian inventor, Mr. George Harker, has had a very original idea. He uses incombustible gases to stop the progress of the fire, but he does not generate these gases by a special apparatus, he takes them from the place where they are naturally found and where they are wanted. He uses the combustion-gases that normally escape through the funnels with the smoke and other products of the furnaces.

The device has already been installed on a steamer, the Fiona, belonging to an Australian sugar company. The objects are to reduce the quantity of oxygen in the hold of a burning vessel to a proportion so slight that the phenomena of combustion are bound to go on. Normally this proportion is twenty-one per cent., and Mr. Harker has proved that if the percentage falls to about fourteen or fifteen the fires resulting from combustion are immediately arrested. If the reduction of the oxygen is pushed somewhat farther, the combustion itself will stop. And Mr. Harker states, with perfect logic, that if we convey into the hold at the beginning of a fire the gases of combustion that are passing out through the funnel, before they reach the outer air, we shall have an atmosphere where flame and combustion will quickly disappear.

Harker's apparatus comprises a small motor which operates a fan to draw the furnace gases from the funnel, devices for washing and cleaning them, and then forcing them into a system of pipes through which they are distributed to any desired part of the ship. The gases may also be used to kill rats.

"None o' Yer Tricks."

Canon Hensley Henson tells this good story: At Sheffield, there is a black gang of young Methodist ministers once boarded a third-class smoker wherein sat a frowsy woman smelling of beer. The young ministers had been attending a ministerial conference and had black gaiters on, looked gravely on conference affairs, while the frowsy woman nodded in her corner. As the train approached the long tunnel, the woman roused from her nap, pinned back jaunty a tail of hair that had fallen on her shoulder, and she fixed her glassy eyes on the six pale, black faces. Suddenly she reached from her basket a huge breadknife. Making a few unsteady flourishes and lunges in the air with the knife, she said fiercely: "Don't none o' you boys try none o' yer tricks on me in the tunnel, mind, or I'll open ye."

Wild Zebras.

The zebra when wild is a ferocious animal, and an unwary hunter is likely to suffer from its teeth and hoofs. The author of "Kloof and Karroo" says that a "zebra in Cape Colony had once forced a zebra to the brink of a precipice, when the desperate creature turned upon him, attacked him with its teeth, and tore the left ear off of his foot from the leg. Another author writes of a soldier who mounted a half-domesticated zebra. The creature, after making frantic furious attempts to get rid of its rider, plunged over a steep bank into the river and threw the soldier as it emerged. While the man lay stunned upon the ground the zebra quietly walked up to him and bit off one of his ears.

Unknown London.

There is not a single man living who knows all London, who has been through every street or into every crescent, square and terrace. This seems a hard saying, and it is one which visitors from abroad or the colonies find it impossible to believe, but nevertheless it is absolutely and incontrovertibly true. Let any one take a map of London and try to mark in red ink all the streets which he honestly says he has visited and he will have to confess that he knows but little of the metropolis of the world and that the red marked streets are but a nothing compared with those which he has had to leave untouched.—London Globe.

Insulted.

Lord Cardwell was in the habit of using the church prayers at family prayers. One day his valet came to him and said, "I must leave your service, if you please, my lord."

"Why, what have you to complain of?"

"Nothing personally, but your lordship will repeat every morning, 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done and have left undone those things which we ought to have done.' Now, I firmly admit that I have often done things I ought not, but that I have left undone things that I ought to have done I utterly deny, and I will not stay here to hear it said."—Westminster Gazette.

When Pins Were New.

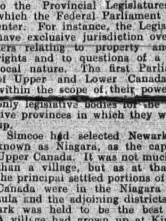
A curious fact in the early history of pins is that when they were first sold in "open shop" there was such a great demand for them that a code was passed permitting their sale only on two days in the year—the first and second of January. These days the court ladies and the city dames flocked to the depots to purchase them in such numbers that they were accounted festivals.

OUR FIRST COMMONS

OLD LEGISLATIVE HOME STILL STANDS AT KINGSTON.

The Forerunner of the Present Federal House at Ottawa Is Now a Tiny Ramshackle Building In Frontenac County—Legislative Assembly and Council Then Stood For Commons and Senate Respectively.

The Parliament now sitting in that magnificent building that crowns old Barracks Hill, Ottawa, is the direct descendant of the first Parliaments of Upper and Lower Canada, which assembled one hundred and seventeen years ago at Newark (now Niagara, Ont.), and in the City of Quebec, for the transaction of the public business of the two provinces into which Canada had been divided by the Constitutional Act passed by the British Parliament in the preceding year. In the manner of its composition, in its procedure of business, in the rules of debate, but in a more limited extent in its jurisdiction, the Federal Parliament of to-day is very similar to those two Provincial Parliaments which were the first that Canada knew. This similarity is due to the fact that our earliest, as well as our later legislative bodies were created and moulded after the Parliament sitting at Westminster, the great mother of free, representative institutions throughout the civilized world. In the important matter of legislative procedure there have been, through the course of our constitutional history, many changes and readjustments; and although our first Parliaments were not given as full powers as are now possessed by our whole legislative machinery of to-day, consisting of the Federal Parliament and Legislatures of the nine autonomous provinces, still in some respects they were wider than the powers of the Federal Parliament, because now a certain portion of the legislative field is assigned



The old house, still standing on Queen Street, Kingston, Ont., where the first Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada met.

to the Provincial Legislatures into which the Federal Parliament cannot enter. For instance, the Legislatures have exclusive jurisdiction over matters relating to property and civil rights and to questions of a purely local nature. The first Parliaments of Upper and Lower Canada were, within the scope of their powers, the only legislative bodies for the respective provinces in which they were set up.

Simcoe had selected Newark, now known as Niagara, as the capital of Upper Canada. It was not much more than a village, but as at that time the principal settled portions of Upper Canada were in the Niagara peninsula and the adjoining districts, Newark was held to be the best place. A village had grown up at Kingston, and in several of the surrounding townships settlement had been made, but Kingston was thought to be too far east for a provincial capital.

According to Duncan Campbell Scott, the biographer of Simcoe, the first session of the Upper Canadian Parliament met in a rough wooden building known as the Freemasons' Hall. There on Sept. 17, 1792, gathered the newly-appointed Legislative Council and of the House of Assembly, and at high noon, accompanied by a guard of honor from the 5th Regiment, stationed at Newark, Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe proceeded to the Hall and opened the session by a speech from the throne. It was addressed to "Honorable gentlemen of the Legislative Council and gentlemen of the House of Assembly." If the words "Legislative Council" be replaced by the word Senate and the word "Assembly" be replaced by the word Commons, the formula would be exactly the same as that used a few weeks ago by His Excellency Earl Grey in his speech from the throne.

The scene at that first opening, writes Mr. Scott, was a notable one. "The frame in which the moving picture was set was worthy of the subject; the little niche cut in the forest at the edge of the river where the great lake swept away to the Atlantic, upon every side the untouched forest, tracked with paths leading through the wilderness to waterways which lay like oceans impaneled in a setting of emerald. With as great circumstance as could be summoned, Simcoe had arranged the drama. It was a miniature of Westminster on the breast of the wilderness."

Having dutifully listened to the speech from the throne the two branches of the Legislature returned to their respective chambers, which, in fact, were bare rooms provided with rough benches and tables, and took up business of legislative duties. The Speaker of the Council was appointed as is to-day the Speaker of the Senate; and the first to hold that office was Chief Justice Osgoode, for judges then, and for a number of years afterwards, were permitted to hold seats in Parliament and be members of the Government. Law officers of the Crown and judicial duties had not yet been separated. The central provincial law courts of Ontario are to-day called Osgoode Hall in honor of this first Speaker and eminent judge. For its Speaker the House of Assembly elected Mr. John Macdonald, of Glengarry, and Capt. Johnson, Law was appointed sergeant-at-arms. The sitting of the House was opened by prescribed prayers offered by Rev. Dr. Auchison.

Trades and Diseases.

Breweries and tanneries and printing ink factories confer exemption from tuberculosis, and employes in turpentine factories never have rheumatism

Force of Habit

Salesman (lately promoted to curio department)—"This necklace, madam, was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Ann of Austria. We're selling a lot of them. —London Punch.

Mrs. Wise—So you're going to marry and go to housekeeping, eh? Why, you don't know the first thing about keeping house!

Miss Pert—Oh, yes, I do.

Mrs. Wise—I'd like to know what?

Miss Pert—The first thing is to get a man to keep house for.—Catholic News.

W. N. U., No. 780.

LABOR MAN WINS.

James Simpson of Toronto Now Holds Important Post.

An incident of interest to labor men throughout Canada occurred when James Simpson was elected to the position of chairman of the Toronto Board of Education.

James Simpson has certainly won his spurs by his own endeavors. He is only 36 years old, but he is well-known, especially among labor men, from coast to coast.

Coming to Toronto at the age of 14 from the north of England, his birthplace, he had no schooling in Canada, but was for over three years employed in the Kempton works. For seven months he was employed at the Gendron bicycle works, in the paint shop, and often left for home in the evening half dazed from the fumes of benzine, over which he had to work.

Then at 15 he became "printer's devil" on The News, and learned the typographical art. He was with Others at the time of the strike, out of which emerged the publication of The Star, in which Mr. Simpson assisted. When the Star commenced publication for a time, he went to The Mail, but returned to The Star when it began to shine again. His aptitude for journalism led him from the mechanical to the reportorial department of his paper and for years he has been the Star's labor and municipal reporter.

Years ago, the local typographical Union showed its faith in him by electing him to the highest offices in its gift and from that he graduated into the high places of the Toronto District Trades and Labor Council, becoming its president. He has also been vice-president of the Dominion Trades Congress and many times delegate to the A. F. of L. and other important gatherings.

It was through his energy and resourcefulness that the Labor Temple now exists in its present prosperous condition.

He was in the old school board before the creation of the Board of Education.

As an adherent of the Socialist party, he has encountered a great deal of opposition that would otherwise have been avoided. Carrying the Socialist banners, he has been an unsuccessful candidate for mayoralty and Parliamentary honors. He is active in church and temperance circles.

As has been intimated, Mr. Simpson always has a speech ready, but it is not his oratory that wins him a following. It is simply the love that gets him into the limelight. Once they come in contact with him, people like him. His face has a mask of the dominant but he is no mere jester, despite his constant good humor. for his countenance conceals a vast fund of native shrewdness.

But He Hadn't Any.

The marriage recently in Nebraska of Mr. W. E. Knowles, M.P. for Moose Jaw, recalls to The Ottawa Free Press an amusing incident in which the new bridegroom took part in a couple of sessions ago and which illustrates the lighter side of life at Ottawa, of which the public hears little. It was during a debate upon the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Free Press says that when Mr. Knowles interrupted a Conservative who was speaking, the retort came back that the member for Moose Jaw would do well not to interrupt, and that if he were wise he would hold his peace and advise his wife to buy G.T.P. stock as an investment.

Mr. Knowles did not say anything in the House; but, proceeding to the Parliamentary cafe, in a state of simulated indignation, went up to a crowd of Conservative M.P.'s, who were enjoying a midnight supper, and expressed his anger at the statement of the man who was orating upstairs.

"How dare he drag my wife's name into a political discussion?" he said. "He must apologize or there will be trouble."

Mr. John Stanfield, of Colchester, N.S., who was among those at the supper table, and who is a stickler for the proprieties in debate, synthetical warmly with Mr. Knowles, and said that he would see that an apology was made. Forthwith he hied himself upstairs, and proceeding to the desk of the man who had been speaking told him that he had "made a bad break" and must apologize. The stalwart expressed his regret and promised to tender an apology, and did so when the House adjourned in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

But the joke came next day, when the man who had apologized learned to his amazement, that Mr. Knowles was not married, and had never been married. Then there were "wigs on the green."

Story of an Erudite Speaker.

The following story is told of one of the many speakers who have presided over the Ontario Legislature since its establishment in 1867. This gentleman, like some others who have worn the official rosette between their shoulder blades was weak on grammar and had but vaguely mastered the rules of the House.

A member of the Opposition was speaking and said something reflecting on the honor of a member on the Government benches. There were cries of order and the Speaker interposed:

"The honorable member must withdraw them words."

"What words?" asked the member unabashed.

"I don't just recall them," said the honorable speaker, "but if you'll say it over again I'll tell you."

Strathcona's Houses.

For a man of his years and of a small family, Lord Strathcona has a remarkable taste for procuring residences. To the nine he already had he has just added another, namely, The Priory, in the little island of Oransay, in the Inner Hebrides, Scotland. Those he already had are as follows: 23 Grosvenor square and 17 Victoria street in London; Glencoe, Scotland; Colonsay, Scotland; Knebworth Park, Herts; Debden Hall, Newport, Essex; Norwalk House, Pictou, N.S.; Silver Heights, Winnipeg; and 1,157 Dorchester street, Montreal. If his lordship's name were not so continually in the newspapers, the layman might well wonder where it would be possible to catch him.

Frequently the Case

"They say that Goldrocks carries $100,000 life insurance."

"Yes; it is true."

"He must consider his life of very great value."

"That does not make it so. It merely shows that he is worth more dead than alive, so far as this community is concerned."

The Canadian Pacific still owns some 9,000,000 acres of land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This land ranges from $10 to $30. Suppose it averages $15, its value would be $162,000,000. It looks like the C. P. R. could afford to be generous.

There are at present 3,000,000 acres under grazing land in the West, chiefly in Southern Alberta and southwest Saskatchewan.

Reports from Brooks and Bassano indicate that these points have grown into towns. A number of buildings are going up, real estate offices are doing business and general merchants are seeking locations. Last year men doubted that the land down there was worth having. A few years ago Brooks was thought to be the last place on earth. In another year it will be an important wheat centre.

One Way of Paying

Father Dooley had just tied the knot. He looked expectant. The bride looked sheepish, and Pat, shifting from one foot to another, looked guilty. At last he began:

"I—I—don't like to be mane, father, but I changed me clothes in a hurry and left me wages in me other pants."

Then he added, in a whisper: "Take me down in the cellar! I'm a plumber, and I'll show ye how to fix the gas meter so it won't register more than 40 per cent.

When the isothermal waves strike Alberta they turn north. This accounts for the fact that all northern Alberta is capable of growing abundant crops and supporting a tremendous population in comfort. When the Hudson's Bay land was transferred to the Dominion, the northern limit of the cultivable area was fixed at 55 degrees. But it has developed that the area in Western Canada runs far past this limit. Where the service berry grows wheat will grow, and this berry thrives abundantly in the north of Alberta, away to the Arctic circle. And the farther north you go the better the quality of grain produced. Think of the great Peace river district, the last to ripen, you might say, winning the first prize for wheat at a world's exhibition. This was done in 1893 at Chicago.

It was raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions. "I say, pa, whom do I ask at your mother." "Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time." "All right, this once. What is it?" "Well, if the end of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"

An old man went into a life insurance office and asked to be insured. The company asked his age. He replied: "Ninety-four."

"Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the clerk.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Why, you are ninety-four years old."

"What of that," the old man cried; "look at statistics and they will show that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—Pacific Mutual News.

A grocer enjoys the unenviable notoriety of selling the worst goods in the district, but he has not recovered from the shock he got the other day when a little girl came into the shop and said:

"My mamma sent me for two pounds of your best tea to kill rats with, and a pound of your finest ham, and mind and cut it in good thick slices, for it is to sole and heel my dad's boots."

HOLIDAYS AT SANDRINGHAM.

Christmas Observed in Good Old Fashioned Way—Servants' Ball.

At Sandringham, where England's royal family spends the holidays, simplicity is the keynote of the Christmas celebration. The party assembles a day or two before Christmas and one of the most interesting functions takes place the afternoon of Christmas eve, when the Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, the Princess of Wales and the other ladies staying in the house, distributes gifts of beef, coal and warm clothing to the laborers on the royal estate. All the meat given away is bred by King Edward himself, either at Sandringham or Windsor.

Christmas eve is monopolized by the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who insist upon having games in which all must join. A feature of the evening is the burning of the great Yule log in the inner hall. Christmas morning finds the royal party assembled in the pretty little Church of St. Mary. The hymns used during the service are all selected by Queen Alexandra and comprise most of the favorite Christmas tunes. Unless the weather is very unfavorable the King and Queen walk across the park to the church with other members of the house party, but if the weather is too wet they drive in a simple closed carriage.

Lunch is served on Christmas day a little earlier than usual, and the afternoon is given up to rest and quiet, with afternoon tea in the white drawing room. Dinner is also early, so that the children may be able to enjoy themselves afterward.

As soon as the meal is finished the doors of the ballroom are thrown open, and guests are dazzled by the sight in all its glory twinkling with hundreds of tiny electric lamps. Upon it are placed any number of presents for every member of the house party and for the higher court officials who are invited to join the royal circle. These are taken from the tree by the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and Hon. Charlotte Knollys and handed to the Queen, who bestows them personally upon the recipients.

The ceremony that takes place afterward are of the old-fashioned description, and every one present enters into them with great zest. About half past nine the children are off to bed and the elders settle down to quiet conversation, for bridge is taboo on Christmas night.

Boxing day is given up to shooting by male members of the party and in the evening there is a servants' ball. Both the King and Queen are very thoughtful of those who serve, and the domestics at Sandringham down to the kitchen maids find tangible proof of their royal master's approval awaiting them at Christmas.

A Queer Story From London.

Some time ago a man giving the name of John Coombs and saying he was an American, hired a room in the house of W. J. Medland, a Government employe in Kew Gardens, London. He appeared to be about 60 years old and was apparently in poor circumstances. His habits were mysterious. He never went out.

A month ago he was taken ill and removed to a hospital, where he died after an operation. His clothing, as is customary, was returned to Medland, who was apparently the only friend the dead man had.

Some days ago Mrs. Medland was discussing with her niece, Mrs. Sholl, the question of the disposal of John Coombs's clothing. They were gathering the garments into a parcel, when Mrs. Sholl, noticing a pad in the lining of a waistcoat, tore it open. The women were indescribably surprised to find that the pad consisted of several hundred $5 notes.

Thoroughly searching the rest of the clothing they found many American and English notes. Sewn in the padding of the shoulders and the lining of collars. In an old belt were hidden valuable documents concerning real estate in America.

The total money found was well over $5,000. Letters discovered showed that some time ago Coombs worked his own farm of eighty acres. He left it when in possession of this farm, but it is evident that father and son did not correspond, they having been on bad terms for several years.

An inventory of Coombs's possessions was prepared and forwarded to the son in America.

Christmas Joy.

Ivy enjoyed popularity for many years as a Christmas evergreen, then people took an inexplicable dislike to it.

Ivy, ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wis;
Let holly have the mastery as the manner is,
Holly stood in the hall fair to behold,
Ivy stood near the door, she is full sore and cold.

runs an old carol of the Sixth Henry, and it seems to typify the feeling which people had towards the clinging emblem of friendship.

There was a curious custom anent the ivy observed until comparatively recent years at Lanton, in Oxfordshire. A maidservant would command a man to fetch ivy for decoration of the house. If he neglected to bring it within a certain time she would take his clothes and nail them to an outer fence for all passers-by to see. What was the origin of this, or exactly what it meant, nobody can say.

Marriage at Sea.

A romantic marriage took place at sea recently, when Capt. J. W. Winter, of the British steamer Stowford, was married off Algiers. He had arranged to meet his fiancee, Miss Mary Eliza Duncan, a sister of the first officer, to be married at Algiers, but the vessel was suddenly ordered to Valparaiso. There was no time for the ceremony on land, so the English chaplain, Rev. A. P. Browning, the acting consul, and Mrs. Graham sailed out in the Stowford. The ceremony was performed five miles out at sea.

Modus Vivendi.

The term modus vivendi is a mutual arrangement whereby persons not at the time being on friendly terms can be induced to live together in harmony. The term may be applied to individuals, to societies or to peoples It signifies a mode of living.

Arithmetic Out of Plumb

Second Year Wife—Amos, why don't you spend more of your time with me?

Club Husband—My angel, I just count the hours that keep me from your side.

"Then there is something wrong with your figures."

She—They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all modern tongues.

Professor Polyglot—not exactly, not exactly. All but two—my wife's and her mother's.

A Polish coal miner in Ohio, biting into a slab of Pittsburgh mince pie, struck a rivet and broke off seven teeth; but, being extremely hungry and having no money to buy actual food, he kept at his grim task. A minute later he struck a stick of dynamite in the core of the same pie and was buried from his late residence next day, leaving a wife in Poland and another in Ohio.

THE ENTERPRISE

Published at Blairmore, Alberta.

By The Bartlett Publishing Company

W. J. BARTLETT,

Editor and Manager.

Legal Advertising 15 cents a line for the first insertion and 12 cents a line each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements at same rates as legal advertising.

Locals will be charged 15 cents a line for each insertion.

Commercial Rates made known upon application.

The Subscription is $2 per year, strictly in advance; $2.50 a year if not so paid.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910.

Just a Word of Self-Introduction.

With this issue of the Blairmore Enterprise, it will be noticed that it is under entirely new management. The Bartlett Publishing Company has purchased from the Foothills Job Print and News Co., all their title and interest in the Blairmore plant, and will endeavor in future to present the reading public with a paper free from any political bias, and so made-up as to make advertisements more attractive and valuable, and our reading columns local as far as is possible, following the principles laid down by our worthy predecessor, Mr. J. A. McDonald.

With last week's issue, Mr. McDonald stepped down from the editorial chair to engage in personal interests which necessitate his supervision.

To Mr. McDonald's energy and perseverance this paper is indebted for the important place it now holds as a news and advertising journal, and many will regret his retirement from the editor's bench.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS.

We may have a new post office—when "Halley's" comes Again.

We received amongst our last week's exchanges a copy of the Peace River Pilot, published at Edmonton. There is a chance of the Pilot becoming the leading light of the north.

It pays to live soberly, deal justly, to think kindly, to act friendship rather than talk it. These are among the values of life that money cannot buy; these are the things in which all may be rich and none need be poor.

We have also received a copy of the annual illustrated number of the Calgary Morning Albertan. It is profuse with interesting views and data of the province, and contains some glowing write-ups of the premier towns of The Pass.

The Lethbridge Herald refers to the many dangers to which the Pass towns are subjected, including in the list, hill-slides, cave-ins, snow-slides and cyclones, but forgot the most important of all—that Blairmore was in danger of becoming the prettiest, the largest and most industrious town in Alberta.

There are one and three-quarter million children, between the age of ten and fifteen years, employed in the mines and factories of the United States, but not a single pup, colt, or other animal of such a relatively tender age is ever forced to do anything but eat. A glorious civilization that treats animals better than children—the coming fathers and mothers of the race.

Dr. Warnock strongly resented the criticism which has been stormed against the liberal government, in connection with the Alberta and Great Waterways railway deal, and last week made a very able and aggressive speech before the house at Edmonton. The doctor said "that it was because a number of men in the legislature had the courage to stand up for honest government that they are called "traitors." If there are traitors they are not in the ranks of men who are standing up for honest irreproachable government, and when the votes are counted at the next provincial election, the men who now stood out for honest government would not be proven the traitors to the liberal party."

Two Trains Swept Down By Snowslide.

Everett, Wash., March 1.—Details of the disaster that overwhelmed the Great Northern passenger trains when an avalanche swept the trains and a portion of the town of Wellington at the west part of the Cascade tunnel down the mountain side, are received and the horror grows. Twenty-three lives are known to have been lost when the mass of snow, loose stones and uprooted trees hurled the cars containing seventy sleeping persons over the narrow ledge of the high line down to the bottom of the canyon, 200 feet below, and when the last night's reports were received twenty-five more missing. Besides these a score or more are seriously injured.

The two trains that were carried by the great wave of ice and snow were the westbound Spokane Limited and the westbound transcontinental fast mail. The latter carried no passengers. The list of the dead and injured are believed to have been passengers on the Spokane express, forty of whom were on the train at the time of the disaster.

Besides these, thirty workmen, who had been engaged in the battle against the drifts that had been holding the two ill fated trains imprisoned in the mountains since Feb. 24, were sleeping in the day coaches

The avalanche rolled down the mountain at 4.20 a. m. The two trains with their locomotives, four powerful electric motors, the depot and water tank were swept off the ledge and deposited in a twisted mass of wreckage at the foot of the mountain.

The noise from the slide, which was a mile long, could be heard throughout the valley, and Supt. O'Neill, who was directing the work of the night shift, marshalled his men and hurried to the rescue. A messenger was dispatched at once for help.

To Subscribers

WE are desirous that all subscriptions to The Enterprise be paid in advance. New subscribers should hand in their names at once.

Only $2.00 Yearly.

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THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE has undergone a complete change of make-up, so as to make its advertisements readable and attractive.

Our rates are both uniform and reasonable. Special rates for half-yearly or yearly contracts.

Rates furnished on application.

Business Men

The Bartlett Publishing Company, having taken over the control of the Blairmore Enterprise, have made a big reduction in the prices of job work in all lines whereby we can compete with any other office in Alberta.

Price lists on application.

The Game of Life

This life is but a game of cards,
That mortals have to learn.
Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn.

Some bring a high card to the top,
And others bring a low;
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand
And pack their cards with care,
So that they know, when they are dealt,
Where all the leaders are.

Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues
While rogues each other cheat;
And he is very wise indeed,
Who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace,
The counting cards to save;
Some play the deuce and some the ten,
But many play the knave.

Some play for money, some for fun,
And some for worldly fame;
But not until the game's played out,
Can they count up their game.

When hearts are trumps, we play for love,
And pleasure rules the hour;
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's rosy bower.

We sing, we dance, sweet verses make,
Our charms at random play;
And while our trump remains on top
Our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack,
The players stake their gold;
And heavy sums are lost and won
By gamblers, young and old.

Intent on winning, each his game
Doth watch with eager eye,
How he may see his neighbor's cards
And best him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war
On ocean and on land,
For dreadful horrors always come
When clubs are held in hand.

Then lives are staked instead of gold,
The dogs of war are freed;
In the Far East we all have seen
How clubs have had the lead.

Last game of all is when the spade
Is turned by hand of Time;
He always plays the closing game
In every age and clime.

No matter how much each man wins,
Or how much each man saves;
The spade will finish up the game
And dig the players' graves.

Church Services.

FRANK

METHODIST CHURCH—Pastor Rev. T D. Jones. Frank, Sunday school at 2 p. m., service at 7:30 p. m. Bellevue, sunday school at 2 p. m., service at 3. p. m. and 7:30. Hillcrest, Sunday school and service 10:30 a. m.

BLAIRMORE

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. J. Sergeant Blairmore, Preaching service, 11 a.m. and 7 p. m., Sunday school and Bible class at 3 p. m., prayer meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p. m. Frank, preaching service at 3 p. m., Bible class and Sunday school at 2 p. m. Hillcrest, preaching service Sunday evening at 7 p. m. in the school hall.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION—In the Mission Hall, Blairmore, Rev. J. McNeill, will hold preaching service at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m.; Lille, preaching service, 7:30 p. m.

A Winter Song

All snug and warm,
Safe from the storm,
The kine in sheltered stalls are lowing;
And here we find
Their keeper kind,
A wealth of care and feed bestowing.

No angry word
Nor shout is heard;
His kick or cuff is here a stranger.
Their knee-deep beds
Of straw he spreads;
Fair measure fills each trough and manger.

He pets them all,
From stall to stall;
And while he sings and whistles gayly,
With stool and pails,
He never fails
To reap a goodly harvest daily.

Though snow and sleet
May swirl and beat,
While wintry winds are rudely blowing,
Warmth, care and feed
Meet every need,
And fill the pail to overflowing.

Hurried Down

Stranger (at the door)—I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten. She is a singularly beautiful woman, with pink and white complexion, seashell ears, lovely eyes and Titian hair.

Servant—Really, sir, I don't know—

Voice (from head of stairs)—Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute.

In 1909 the acreage of sugar beets in Alberta was 3,300 acres. The average crop was 10 tons to the acre, and the average sugar contents 16 per cent. The net profit per acre amounts to from $20 to $40.

We rush about in electric trains, talk of the other ends of the world, record our voices and our faces for future times in their natural sounds and colors; our hands wield all the lightnings—but our minds remain as mean as ever.—Saturday Review.

The pork business for 1908 in Alberta was two and one-half times that of 1905, the number of hogs marketed being 75,000 head. There are two packing plants, and others are contemplated. The nature of the climate makes pork raising exceedingly safe and profitable.

Idle Millionaire

Professor William James, of Harvard, recently made his comment upon a very exquisite and very idle millionaire sophomore from New York.

"What time he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

Corruption is only an injurious term for the autumn of a people.—Nietzsche.

HAS LOST HIS JOB.

The Professional Juryman Passes Away by Recent Order.

The average man is notoriously anxious to escape jury duty that a character who made it his chief business in life to obtain selection as a member of coroners' juries would seem to many the creation of a Dickensonian imagination. That such characters exist, however, the authorities know full well, and many a coroner whose duties call him to the morgue to hold inquest on the death of some unfortunate, recognizes old, familiar faces when the jury is sworn. The reason for this is that the mode of assembling coroners' juries is attended by no solemnity or huggery-muggery. An officer of number one police division is assigned to the duty of digging up a jury for an inquest to be held that night. He is supposed to go out on the street and impress such citizens as can give no excuse for evading the mandate of the crown. In many persons do not like this press gang system of rendering service to their country the professional juryman who eagerly welcomes the task is a boon. He picks up an odd dollar or so that way and the task of sitting in judgment with the issues of life and death before him adds greatly to his self-esteem. After he has figured at half a dozen inquests he becomes in his own eyes a part of the great fabric of law and order which covers all and takes his duties as seriously as though he were the presiding justice of the Court of Appeal. In short he is apt to become a nuisance; he thinks that the coroner and the representatives of the crown are rather lax in the performance of their duties. He sees that they let points "touchin' on and pertainin' to" the death of the deceased slip by them. So he takes to asking questions himself and encourages the less sophisticated jurors around him to do likewise provided they do not show an ambition for leadership. And if the coroner dares to advise the jury as to what verdict it should bring in, that personage is snubbed for his pains by a finding contrary to his instructions.

For such reasons the order went out recently in Ontario that the most industrious of coroner's jurors was to be debarred from his chief pleasure in life. Under no circumstances is he to be accepted for jury service again,—and thereby hangs a tale. The reader of the daily newspapers must have noticed that of late coroners' juries have been loading their verdicts with condemnations of almost every existing institution. This particular juryman is one who figures at most political meetings as the man in the audience who asks questions of candidates he is opposed to, and leads the cheering for the idols of his heart. He used to write letters to the papers, until the indifference of editors showed him that the press of the community was in the rut and hopelessly blind to the public weal. Then he conceived the idea that the inquest verdict could be made the vehicle of his opinions. On a recent occasion there was a death which gave scope for wholesale condemnation, and after the first sitting of inquest he walked down street with a newspaper man with whom he discussed the great possibilities of "the case in the way of a good, lengthy high sounding verdict. With the reporter's assistance a finding was framed for use at the concluding sitting which condemned the administration of the affairs of the city of Toronto from garret to cellar. When the jury retired to consider the evidence the strange bird prepared verdict on the others and kept them out for over two hours while inducing them to adopt at least a portion of its contents. The coroner had to kick his heels for this period while the jury talked over a matter that seemed to call for only five minutes' deliberation. The culprit responsible for the delay was discovered. It was the last straw. The "Kibosh" was put upon him at headquarters and Othello's occupation is gone. He has sat upon his last corpse.

By Any Other Name!

During 1909, 550 new postoffices were established in Canada. Saskatchewan getting 154, Ontario 104, Alberta 86, Quebec 82, Manitoba 24, Nova Scotia 22, P.E.I. 6, and Yukon Territory 1.

An immense number of new railway stations have been opened up during the same period and a difficulty of some moment has arisen over the confusion of names due to the lack of co-operation between the railway companies and the geographic board which acts for the Government in this matter.

The Canadian Official Railway Guide calls attention to some of these cases. In Alberta the Postoffice Department opened two offices that called them Junkins and Jarrow. Junkins is 100 miles east of Edmonton, Jarrow is 60 miles west of it. The Grand Trunk station at Junkins P.O., which is to be called Jarrow, and intends to open another station at Jarrow, P.O., which is to be called Junkins. Surely the Government and the railway authorities might get together on a matter of this kind.

It is probably useless to ask why such euphonious titles as Junkins are used, but we must be grateful that it was not converted into Junkinsville or Junkinsburg. It will be a perpetual regret that more is not done to preserve the fine native Indian names which give Canadian geography such distinction in foreign school books.

Canada, Ontario, Toronto, Junkins, Smithville, Mechanicsville! The sublime to the ridiculous truly! The geographic board must be supported in the cuty of improving our nomenclature.—Toronto World.

Welcome Women to West.

The Canadian Pacific scheme to supply ready-made farms for British settlers east of Calgary, was expounded by C. W. Petersen, at the Royal the same period, and a difficulty of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who presided, in response to a question, said that women settlers would be welcomed. The emigration of 100,000 English agriculturists would not deplete the agricultural population, as their places would soon be taken. The scheme is attracting great interest.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-four Hours and Cure Any Cough That Is Curable.

The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds and other throat and bronchial trouble: Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whiskey. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leech Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.

Ingratitude.

Lycurgus, being asked why in his laws he had set down no punishment for ingratitude, answered, "I have left it to the gods to punish."

The Great Bustard.

The bustard, and not the dodo is the great bustard. In size it exceeds the Norwegian blackcock. The old males weigh about thirty-five pounds, but when food is plentiful the young males may weigh forty pounds. Great bustards were formerly as plentiful in western Europe as partridges. Now they are rarely found.

A Crimson Secret.

The inhabitants of Fair Island, north of Scotland, for centuries have closely guarded a secret process for dyeing textiles a vivid crimson.

Comets.

Some comets have shown puzzling eccentricities. One broke up into five small comets, which pursued parallel paths. The tail of a second showed kinks, as if it had been hit in the side by an invisible body. It is not unusual for comets to have two or more tails, and at least one has been observed which threw out lateral branches.

Roman Pottery.

The ancient Romans excelled in making pottery. They possessed regular muffle ovens and even a sort of producer gas oven.

Seaweed.

From seaweed when reduced to ashes are gained some of the most beneficent preparations in use today. Some of these are iodine, bromine, hydriodic acid, iodides of sodium, mercury, potassium, magnesium and calcium. From it are extracted coloring matters, volatile oil, and its ingredients are used in photography.

Colonies as Kingdoms.

Queen Elizabeth was commonly spoken of as queen of Virginia. Virginia and Carolina were kingdoms under the Stuarts. Massachusetts was recognized as a "sister kingdom" by Cromwell's parliament.

IT'S THE TALK OF THE COUNTRY SIDE

HOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. SAMUEL THOMPSON'S DROPSY

Her's Was a Terrible Case and the Doctors Were Powerless to Check it; but the Great Kidney Remedy Cured It.

Holt, Ont. (Special).—All the country side about here is talking of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson of this place. She was taken sick with Jaundice, and though the doctor was called in she grew steadily worse. Her stomach was so bad she could not keep anything on it. Dropsy set in and she bloated to a terrible size. The doctor came three times to tap her, but her husband would not allow him to do it, saying that if she could not get better they might let her die in peace. Finally she dropped the doctors and tried other medicines, but they did her no good. Her leg burst and the water streamed from it. Then someone told her about Dodd's Kidney Pills and so she asked her husband to get her a box.

After taking them a while she took a bad turn. Something would come up in her throat and she would vomit. The water would just fly from her mouth. But from that time she commenced to get better, and to-day she is a well woman. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Dropsy by putting the Kidneys in condition to take the surplus water out of the blood. They always cure it.

The total capital of 168 American firms operating in Canada is $100,800,000. Invested in packing plants, five million. Farm implements, four million. Mines fifty million. Mills and timber fifty million. Land deals in Alberta ten million. Land deals in British Columbia two million. Lumber and mines in Alberta, five million. Total American investments in Canadian development, $226,800,000.

Hate to Give In

There is something about the character of mules that makes their owners at times almost equally stubborn. This dialogue concerning one, if not two such animals:

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley, "I hates to give in. If I was to trade dat mule off he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been trying foh de las' six weeks to get rid of me."

There are three Agricultural Colleges in Canada, in Manitoba, Nova Scotia and Ontario. Saskatchewan is contemplating one at Saskatoon, and Alberta at Strathcona. The attendance at the Ontario College is 1,295; at Nova Scotia 348, in Manitoba 183.

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They relive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

The wool clip of Alberta amounts to 631,000 pounds; Saskatchewan, 896,000 pounds; British Columbia 95,000 pounds. The value of Alberta's wool is $69,410, Saskatchewan $49,600, and $7,600 for British Columbia.

Of the immigrants to Canada the past fiscal year 1,830 were Austrians, 1,546 Buckowinians, 6,644 Galicians, 1,889 Chinese, 1,830 French, 1,257 Germans, 37,019 English, 11,810 Scotch, 3,609 Irish, 1,444 Hebrew, 4,927 Italians, 2,108 Newfoundland, 3,547 Russians, 1,135 Swedish, 59,832 Americans. The balance represent almost every other country on the globe.

Saskatchewan's prairie area comprises 86,826,240 acres. North of this is heavy timber, and unexplored region; 57,000,000 acres of this are arable. In 1908, 6,921,217 acres were under cultivation.

Post—I'm trying to get a first-class chauffeur to run my car.

Parker—Can't you find a good one?

Post—No. All the fine ones have made so much money that they now own and operate their own machines.—Sunday Magazine.

During the month of January 129 homesteads, 190 homesteads and preemptions, and 92 preemptions were filed in the Calgary office, while 10 homesteads were purchased.

A Contagious Candidate

A candidate for municipal honors, irritated by the heckling and the groans of discontent from the back benches, exclaimed furiously: "Walk, I don't care what you say, you've got to have me whether you like it or not." "Why, gur'nor," inquired a plaintive voice from the back of the hall, "You ain't the bloomin' measles, are you?"

Off the Line

Husband—How many people are there in the house back of us?

Wife—I don't know. They have their washing done at the laundry.

The Dominion Government's tree nursery at Indian Head ships annually to settlers over two million trees. Of these 45 per cent. are green ash, 30 per cent. Manitoba maple, 11 Dakota cottonwood, 9 per cent. American maple, 4 1-2 per cent. willow, a half per cent. Russian poplar. Of trees set out, 85 per cent thrive.

Solving the Mystery

Customer (with watch)—Why is it stopping?

Jeweler—Why, there's a bedbug in it.

Customer—How in the world could a bedbug get in a watch?

Jeweler—That's easy. It went in between the ticks.

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them but painlessly.

Different Kind of Style

She—Who is that shabby looking man to whom you bowed just now?

He—That is De Penner, the famous novelist.

She—Why, I thought that he was famous for his style.

HOW THE PRINCE CAME

Jim Wade Feared He Would Lose His Daughter. and He Did.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Jim Wade shaded his eyes with one broad hand and looked over his rich fields ripe for the harvest. As far as the eye could see from his point of vantage on the ranch house steps the land was his own.

Because Molly Wade, was his only child, Jim, watching her grow up from a motherless girlhood, was full of fears and apprehensions for her future. The best in the world was none too good for Molly, and so away to school Molly went, and when she came back, unchanged, unspoiled, he was thankful.

She came back as simple hearted and home loving as when she had taken her tearful farewell of him. The so called broader life for women had no attraction for Molly Wade. She was first and last a home lover—a homemaker.

Jim sighed even then as he watched her directing the affairs of the house they occupied. Almost any day now some handsome young man might come along and rob his nest of its one birdling. And each morning he looked searchingly into her clear blue eyes seeking some change that might tell him of the threatened invasion of her heart, for suitors there were in plenty at the Wade ranch.

This morning Molly dashed around from the corral on her little black mare Daisy.

"Where now, honey?" asked Jim.

"A ride in the corn, father. Can't you come, dear?" Molly's hair was like ripened corn silk, and her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead. The black of her hat made a frame for her delicate skin, tinted with bloom and warmed by the sun. Slender and lithe, she swayed in the saddle with a grace that was only equaled by her dancing.

"Sorry, honey, but it's pay day, you know. The old man's got to stay home and work this morning. Don't go too far. And got your gun handy?"

Molly patted the belt at her trim waist, where a small revolver gleamed in the holster. "Night here, dad. I'll be home in time for dinner. So long!"

"Don't let any fairy princes run away with you, daughter," admonished Jim. "You know I worry a lot about that prince that's coming after the little girl, as we do."

Molly laughed at her father's more gravity than fun in Jim's voice, and Molly felt that this old, old jest between them was becoming a serious matter to her father.

She urged Daisy to the foot of the steps and flicked her father lightly on the shoulder with her whip. "Dad, dear, I really believe you are worried. I've never even seen the man—or prince—I'd leave you for. There, are you satisfied?" He leaned down and kissed her lovely, laughing face, and a warm smile lighted his grim features.

"God bless you, darling. I want you to be happy, but I hope it will be many a day before the prince does come. I'm a selfish old brute, eh?"

"Not a bit, dad. And when he does come we'll set him to work in the fields and live right along with you."

With a laughing, backward glance Molly rode away toward the fields of tall corn that had not yet fallen prey to the swinging reapers.

A thousand acres of corn whispered in the wind. It was like a thick forest, thought Molly, as Daisy threaded her way daintily through the tall stalks.

Overhead the yellowed leaves rustled crisply. On either side they reached long, fluttering fingers to brush Molly's rose leaf face or to touch a lock of her soft hair. Her eyes grew dreamy as she listened to the whispering, and a look came into her face—a look that her father had never seen.

Molly had had her day dreams—indeed, she had dreamed of a lover who came out of a fascinating world of which she had caught a mere glimpse in her school days. The prince who would come and claim her one day would come spinning down the state road in a motorcar. Handsome he would be and merry and rollicking as so many of those gay automobilists appeared to be.

But when it came to the wrench of parting with her dear father Molly's dream always changed to one where the dashing motorist became enamored of farm life and elected to settle down at Wade's ranch for a lifetime, with a huge red car stabled among the horses.

All at once Molly drew rein and listened to a sound other than the sighing of the corn. There was the thud, thud, of hoofs in another aisle near by. Perhaps it was her father, or, at any rate, it would be one of the men from the ranch.

"Hello!" called Molly musically.

"Hello!" came back in a man's deep voice.

As the man lifted his battered felt hat Molly realized that he was a stranger, and her cheeks grew warm under the gaze of his dark eyes. He was very good to look upon, young and straight and strong, with sun browned face and chestnut hair. His blue flannel shirt was open at the throat, and the skin below the collar was smooth and white. From the saddle bow swung a bundle rolled in a blanket.

"I am afraid I've lost my way," said the stranger pleasantly. "I've been wandering in this cornfield for the last three hours. Perhaps you can direct me to Wade's place, or is it possible you are lost too?"

Molly smiled and shook her head. "I can show you the way easily. I am Mr. Wade's daughter," she explained over her shoulder as the little mare walked on.

The stranger turned his horse into the aisle behind Molly and followed close in her wake.

"My name is Norton Scott Norton," he said after a little pause. "I'm looking for work in the fields. I was told Mr. Wade needed help."

"He does," assented Molly eagerly. "They want to make crop before the 20th, and father was wishing this morning for half a dozen extra men."

"I am very glad," said Norton.

Something in the tone of his voice thrilled Molly's tender heart. She knew as plainly as if he had told her in so many words that he had been in hard luck and that he had traveled a long distance in search of this job. The miserable beast he rode was a scarecrow, probably purchased with his last penny.

They came to the edge of the cornfield and emerged into a well beaten road bordered on either side by corn.

"I missed this road somehow," said Norton, riding abreast of Molly. "It must be well on to noon, isn't it?"

His lack of a watch deterred Molly from looking at her own little timepiece. She glanced up at the sun with a delightful kulting of her pretty brows.

"Dear me, it is late! We must hurry!" she said.

Behind them came the shriek of a siren and the deep distant hum of a speeding motorcar. Molly had barely time to urge her mare to the edge of the corn when her eyes caught a horrified glimpse of the stranger's balky horse rigid in the path of the speeding vehicle.

There was a warning shout, a queer crashing thud and a cloud of dust. Then Molly found herself kneeling beside the prostrate stranger, while an excited automobilist borrowed her revolver to still the agony of the injured horse.

The party of men carried the unconscious form of their victim to the uninjured car, and it was Molly Wade, white lipped and trembling, who took a place in the tonneau and supported the quiet head against her shoulder. To her it seemed as if she was his only friend in an inhospitable land. One of the men awkwardly rode the mare in the rear of the car, and slowly they trudged through the dust toward the wide gate of the ranch.

Jim Wade, sitting on the wide porch, reading a newspaper, saw them coming, a strange procession. The sight of a stranger riding Daisy was like a knife thrust in his heart, and when the machine stopped at the steps he could barely quke his way to the ground and assure himself that Molly was safe and sound.

[illegible] the daughter's voice cut into the noisy explanations of the men.

"This man was on his way to the ranch looking for work, father, when he was struck. He must be medical attention. I think he is recovering consciousness. If you will take him into the house I will telephone to Dr. Acklin."

It was the work of an instant for the five men to improvise a litter and carry the stranger into the house and deposit him on Jim Wade's own bed. Jim Wade himself applied restoratives and announced that the man had suffered no injury beyond a broken arm and severe shock. He declined the automobilists, however, until the arrival of the doctor.

Molly did not appear at dinner where the four strangers joined her father. She had sent Hannah, the servant, to the sick chamber to await the arrival of the doctor while she took the domestic's place in the kitchen.

Dr. Acklin confirmed Jim Wade's estimation of the injuries to Scott Norton—a badly fractured arm and a severe shaking up. Six weeks' confinement and rest for the first and quiet and repose for the last. The motor party made up a purse for the victim, which Jim Wade promptly returned to them.

"He's our friend," he said, with dignity. "Any one that comes to my door in trouble and needs me is my friend. I look out for my friends. Take a lesson, gentlemen—go slow; go slow!"

They departed, sobered by the experience, while Hannah was installed as sick nurse in the sick chamber and Molly assumed the woman's duties in the kitchen. Late that evening she related the incident to her father, and as he noted the new light in her eyes his heart grew troubled.

"I—the fellow won't be a prince in disguise, Molly. I won't have it so!" he blurted out.

"Why, dad!" blushed Molly. "We don't know Mr. Norton, and, anyway, princes come in coaches and in splendid motorcars, with gorgeous clothes. They don't lose themselves in cornfields and ride—oh, such a horrible horse, father. I'm glad the poor beast is dead."

And with the change of subject Jim had to be satisfied

* * * * * * *

Nevertheless another summer found Molly preparing for her wedding. Scott Norton had recovered, been tried and found to be the right man wanted by Jim Wade to assist in the management of the ranch. He had no people and no home, and he came to round out the family circle at the ranch.

"So you are Molly's prince," said Jim Wade, with tears in his eyes; "an American prince, I take it, because you just came along when you were needed. I need you, and—Molly needs you to make her happy."

"I need you both," said Norton, with emotion. "I am a sorry prince, sweetheart. You said, blessing Molly's bright face, so near his own.

"A prince in disguise," whispered Molly.

LIGHTNING A MYSTERY

This Phenomenon of Nature is a Puzzle to Science.

THE THEORY OF THUNDER.

In a General Way It Is Understood; but, as a Matter of Fact, the Bolt From the Storm in Its Erratic Tendencies Defies the Investigator.

In a general way we understand the theory of thunderstorms. As a matter of fact, there is no phenomenon of nature, but excepting even earthquakes, of which we know so little.

Man-made lightning—that is, electricity of the highest power, which we can artificially produce—will act according to certain known laws. It will, for instance, travel along a conductor of metal.

But a flash of lightning will frequent leap from a well defined metal path and launch itself through the air of some adjacent object which is an infinitely poorer conductor.

This may be due to the almost inconceivable force of a flash of lightning, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. It is estimated that a flash of lightning a mile long represents a pressure of discharge equal to 3,000,000,000 volts.

As such a flash lasts only about the thousandth part of a second the energy dissipated by the discharge is equal to 300,000 horsepower. Put in other words, if we could find some means of saving and using lightning we should be the richer by a good round sum for every flash.

Lightning is, as we know, usually accompanied by a peal of thunder, which is louder the nearer the bearer is to the point of the discharge, but this is not an invariable rule. There are cases on record of most destructive lightning flashes which were unaccompanied by sound.

Such a phenomenon occurred at Bradford some years ago. What is described as "a silent thunderbolt" fell in a graveyard, destroying one monument and smashing to atoms nearly seventy glass cases containing wreaths and flowers.

In the same summer Swansombe, in Kent, was terrified by a freak of lightning. All of a sudden "a great mass of blue fire" swept along the street, and next moment it was seen that the fine old parish church, built nearly 700 years ago, had been struck.

The building, with all its fine old carved oak, was soon a roaring furnace, and only a part of the chancel was saved.

Scientists are still hopelessly at sea as to the cause of that peculiar phenomenon known as ball lightning. At Coventry some years ago during a violent thunderstorm it passed along a street like a soap bubble built of blue fire and drifted into a shed, where it exploded, blowing the roof off the place.

At Rheims, in France, a similar fire ball came into a cobbler's shop through the open window. The solitary occupant of the place sat perfectly still, paralyzed with terror, while his fearful visitant hovered for several seconds overhead. Then it moved toward the fireplace and presently passed up the chimney.

Next moment there was an explosion like a shell bursting, and the upper part of the chimney came crashing down.

Not long ago Count G. Hamilton made a record of a similar freak of electricity. He was sitting at dinner at a house on Lake Wener, in Sweden, when just after a vivid flash of lightning a brilliant white ball appeared over the table and after hanging poised there for some seconds went off with with a loud bang.

Fortunately it did no harm to any one, although it was quite close to several people. Those who saw it suggested it was like a ball of cold lightning.

In November, 1902, Sydney, Australia, was visited by a terrific dust storm, in the midst of which a perfect rain of electric fire balls began to fall. These set fire to a number of houses, and a most appalling panic set in. A cry was raised that the end of the world was at hand, and people rushed out of their houses into the ink black, dust deep streets.

The most amazing and terrifying displays of the power of lightning are seen on mountains. In 1890 a party was on the top of a mountain in the Caucasus when a huge violet ball, surrounded by vivid rays, struck a rock near by and, exploding like a bomb, burst into atoms. One of the party was badly hurt.

Stilton Cheese.

The secret of making Stilton cheese was for some time confined to the family of the original inventors, who were under an engagement to sell all they could make to the famous Cooper Thornhill of Stilton. Being thus to be obtained of him alone, it received the appellation of Stilton cheese, but it would have been more appropriately named Wisbeche cheese, being first made in that village, on the eastern side of Leicestershire, about thirty miles from Stilton.—London Standard.

Helping Him.

Mr. Backward—Well—er—yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller. Miss Coy—To find out whom you will marry, eh? Mr. Backward—Why—er—yes. I— Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune teller's fee toward the price of the ring?

The thicker the grass the easier to mow.—Alario.

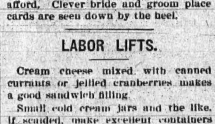
FINE TOILET TIPS.

Creams and Lotions That May Be Made at Home.

Any girl can have the very best toilet articles if she will make them herself, and many of them offered for sale at the stores will often do a permanent injury to a delicate skin. Should a lotion be needed for perspiration stir one ounce of hydrate of chloral in one pint of soft boiled water and keep in a bottle. Apply with soft old linen and allow the lotion to dry on the skin. To keep the hands in good condition have a preparation of vinegar and cormeal ready for use, and after washing clothes or doing any work that soils the hands wash them in warm suds, rub the hands well with the cormeal mixture, then dry and rub a few drops of honey and water well into the skin. An excellent and safe face powder is made by sifting half a pound of pure rice powder eight or ten times and then adding a few drops of oil of rose and a little carmine if you want the powder tinted. One of the best cucumber creams is made by cutting up two large cucumbers into half a cupful of water and allowing them to simmer for half an hour; then strain, add a cupful of boiling water, ten grains of powdered borax and enough tincture of benzoin to make the water look milky and bottle when cool. The skin may be kept in fine condition by using a little borax in the water every time the face and hands are washed and then rubbing this lotion well into the skin. An excellent fluid for keeping the scalp clean and free from dandruff is made with half a teaspoonful of the borax powder, a small piece of gum camphor and half a pint of soft water, and one of the best and safest washes for the mouth and teeth is made by adding one ounce of the powder to one pint of boiling water and then before it is cold adding half a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. The hair tonic should be rubbed well into the scalp once a week. About two teaspoonfuls of the mouth wash in half a glass of water is the proper proportion, and the gums whitens the teeth and keeps the gums in a healthy condition.

Jack Horner Pie For Bridal Luncheon.

Done in white crape paper is this Jack Horner pie in the form of a shoe. It is designed for a bridal luncheon, as



the orange blossom decoration shows. The gifts are attached to the ribbons and may be as costly as the bride can afford. Clever bride and groom place cards are seen down by the heel.

LABOR LIFTS.

Cream cheese mixed with canned currants or jellied cranberries makes a good sandwich filling.

Small cold cream jars and the like, if scalded, make excellent containers for jelly which at some time or other you will desire to place in a lunch basket.

If you are beginning to have trouble with your feet, bathe them often, powder them freely, rub alcohol on them occasionally. Give them careful attention until you discover the sort of treatment they respond to.

Never remove a child from its bed at night and carry it about the room because it cries, for, besides being a bad habit, this is likely to give the child a cold, and if a child once knows it will be allowed to get up if it cries peace will be banished from the bedroom.

The purple stains caused by handling a typewriter ribbon may be removed from the hands with a cloth wet with pure alcohol. This treatment saves the necessity of a prolonged scrubbing and is far less injurious to delicate fingers. What a comfort this knowledge will be to the stenographer whose ribbon must always be changed just about the end of the day!

You do not have to rip the garment to be dyed, except in the case of lined coats. Place the clothes in cold water, bring to a boil, change the water several times as the old color comes out, then, having previously brought the dye to a boil in the wash boiler, as directed on the package, wring out and immerse the garments and boil for from fifteen to thirty minutes. Where your cloth is silk or silk and cotton use first the dye for cotton, then that for silk. Rinse in cold water, wring gently by hand and iron before quite dry. Needless to say, have your clothes line in the shade.

If overalls become very much soiled with paint, place a pound of mineral in a bucket partly filled with hot water and place the garment in and stir up with water. Allow this to remain so for, say, two days, when the overalls may be examined and scraped at the part most soiled, and if it's soft to the cloth remove to clear water and rinse out, after which place on a board and lay the legs flat. Then with clear water and brown soap and a scrub brush scrub until all the paint is removed, though a stain may remain. By this method the dirtiest overalls, some that will stand alone, may be made very white, and the cloth will not rot at all. The process may be repeated many times.

DROPS OF WATER.

Thrown Upon a Redhot Stove, They Will Never Touch It.

It is impossible to throw a few drops of water on a redhot stove. The water may never touch the stove at all. What is seen is a few drops rolling rapidly over the surface, gradually getting smaller until they disappear. If the drops are on a perfectly level place one can see under them to the other side of the room, thus proving that they are not in contact with the stove itself.

What actually happens is that the bottom of the drop changes at once to steam or vapor on coming close to the hot surface, and this vapor is supplied by the drop as it gradually goes away. So the drop rests on a cushion of vapor until it is entirely dissipated. This state of water is known as the spheroidal state and is of interest simply on account of its peculiarity and seeming paradoxical behavior.

The reason why the drop is not immediately evaporated or changed to steam is also very interesting. The water vapor that intervenes between its under surface and the redhot stove is a very bad conductor of heat, and consequently the full intensity of the heat cannot get to the water itself, only the small amount transmitted through the vapor being available for this purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

ENGLISH COUNTRY BANKS.

It Takes Strong Iron Bars to Win the Depositors' Confidence.

Rural customers attach great importance to the bank's outward appearance. A thrifty tradesman having opened a deposit account with a bank distant some thirty miles from his home, the cashier had the curiosity to ask why he traveled so far when there was a branch of the same bank almost at his door. The depositor smiled knowingly and replied, "I lodged opposite here all the time while this bank was being built, so I know it's safe." Balance sheets to the rustic are a meaningless and arbitrary arrangement of figures. Iron bars he understands.

In a city in the north of England there is a bank widely known for the artistic merit of its doors. Designed by an eminent sculptor, they are executed in relief in copper or bronze and appear to represent tableaux from "Aesop's Fables" and Greek history. About a week after they were unveiled an old man who had been a depositor for many years withdrew his balance and took it to a rival bank almost opposite. Questioned as to his reason for changing, he replied: "I don't hold wi' them doors of theirs. Punched tin ain't businesslike, and it ain't safe."—London Saturday Review.

A Perfect Disguise.

Frank Lockwood's banter was excellent and always good humored. I recollect him cross examining a detective in a divorce case, says a writer in London M. A. P. The detective was dressed in well cut broadcloth; he was portly; a massive gold chain and seals hung from his fob; he might have passed for a country banker or solicitor of the old style.

Sir Frank (very politely)—I believe you are a member of the eminent firm of detectives, Messrs. Slater & Co.?

Witness—Yes, sir; I represent that firm.

Sir Frank—And, I presume, in the course of your professional duties you have to assume many disguises?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Sir Frank—Pray, may I ask you what you are disguised as now?

Turner Was Gruff.

The great artist Turner is said to have been peculiar in his way of selling his pictures. At times nothing could induce him to part with one of them, and at other times he would receive a customer with the greatest affability of voice and manner and readily settle upon the sum to be paid for one of his treasures. On one occasion when he was offered £1,000 apiece for some old sketch books he turned them over leaf by leaf before the eyes of the would be purchaser, saying, "Well, would you really like to have them?" Then, just as the man proceeded to take possession of the books, Turner with a tantalizing "I dare say you would!" suddenly thrust them into a drawer and turned the key in the lock, leaving the customer dumb with indignation.

Not Up on Slang.

"I'd like to get a room for the night," drawled the old man with the chin whiskers and yellow satchel.

"By jinks, Buttons," whispered the clerk to the bellhop, "all of the rooms are filled, but we don't want to discourage the country patronage, so we'll have to give him some kind of a stall."

But the old man overheard the remark and fired up instantly. "No you don't!" he blurted defiantly. "Its crickety, no! If I wanted to sleep in a stall I'd stopped at the livery stable on the other corner."—Chicago News.

An Insulting Style.

"Of did not mind the threats av him as much as the insultin' style av his remarks," said one Irishman to another.

"And what did he say?"

"Well, he says to me, 'Hogan,' says he, 'tis a great notion Oi have to jump on you and knock your face into shape!'"

Here's Luck, Ethel!

"Ethel is not very handsome. Why do you call her a belle?"

"She's waiting for some man to ring her."—Boston Transcript.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.—French Proverb.

LISTEN TO THE BELLS

The Finest Collection Owned by an Englishwoman.

OF INTEREST TO HOUSEWIVES

Many Lands and Ages Represented In It—Curious Specimens of the Middle Ages—Bells For Shoes Among Them, Ancient and Modern Devices.

An Englishwoman has the finest known collection of hand bells. She has specimens of foreign bells from all over the world, as well as antique British bells.

The bells range in size from an old English jack horse bell, which weighs five pounds, to the tiny bells worn on shoes centuries ago. There is an ecclesiastical bell of very early date with a fleur-de-lis pattern on it.

Other specimens are an apostle bell, which bears the faces and emblems of the evangelists, and two china bells of the Georgian period, one formed of a

APOSTLE BELL.

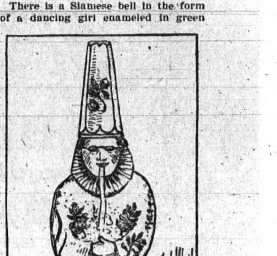
droll figure in a fool's cap with hunting scenes on the skirt of his gown, the other a spectacled man in tall cap with a very long forefinger touching his chin.

An Elizabethan bell shows a female figure in a Medici collar and a wonderfully fitted bodice with a basque. The bell portion, which forms the skirt, is engraved in a conventional pattern.

There are models far more interesting than the English bells in this collection, which will doubtless some day be placed in an English museum. There are bells from Rome which were found in the Forum. One is of silver, worked in fish scale pattern, and is over a thousand years old; another is also of silver and has on it a representation of Romulus and Remus and the wolf.

There is a bell from a temple near Lassa. It is of copper inlaid with gold and is of great antiquity. A bell from India is of silver latticework and is said to be the only one of its kind in existence. It was found in Benin.

There is a Siamese bell in the form of a dancing girl enameled in green



CHINA BELL OF GEORGIAN PERIOD.

and gold which was one of those used for water during the French invasion. There is a Medici bell with the crown and balls of the pawnbroker, and there are bells from the tombs of Egyptian kings and from the boudoirs of famous Frenchwomen. There are hundreds and hundreds of bells in this collection gathered by one woman and shown on rare occasions to lovers of the antique, unique and beautiful.

Nursery Tray For Baby.

When the baby first joins the family party at the nursery table he is usually so great stickler for good manners. His pride as sole possessor of a spoon for the first time in his life causes him to brandish it far and wide regardless of the fact that it may not be empty. He also has a way of hammering on the table with it. His control of his cup and saucer, moreover, is purely elementary, and over both go, time after time, to nurse's dire distress and the general detriment of the clean damask cloth. Every one concerned will welcome under these circumstances a special tray, which, clipped upon the table in front of baby, will minimize the bad results of energy and lack of control over his cup and spoon. The tray has actually a ridge and a rough at the edge, is prettily colored and is also pictorially patterned in a way that will gratify baby's sense of the artistic, if not mother's.

Additional Locals

Lyon & Hinds have been appointed agents for the Cunard, Donald and Thompson steamship lines. They are now prepared to sell tickets to all parts of the world.

Medicines that aid nature are always most successful. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling your throat? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise mucus in the morning? Do you want relief? If so, take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you will be pleased. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Clark's moving pictures at Coleman opera house on Saturday night were greatly appreciated by the largest audience ever assembled there. Their pictures are certainly excellent every time they come, and Mr Clark should be proud of the fact that he had the largest audience of any show people for a long period.

Death claims for over $100,000 have been presented to the C.P.R. in connection with the Webbwood wreck.

The Dominion Government has given a grant of $50,000 to the Paris flood victims. Turkey has given $10,000 and New Zealand $2,500.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Alex. Cameron was a visitor from Coleman on Saturday last.

See our special prices for job printing. Send your orders early.

Apples, 20c. per box—at A. B. Hames'.

FOR SALE—House and Lot at Bellevue, at reasonable price. Apply to Mrs. Paten.

Clark's moving pictures will be put on at the Mission Hall to-night and will attract a good house.

Harry Gate, the popular sanitary inspector of Coleman, was in town on Saturday.

Joe Grafton, fruit and real estate agent, of Coleman, visited Blairmore during the week.

C. F. Sedgwick, who spent a few days in town, returned to Lundbreck Wednesday night.

J. R. Crawford, music tutor of Coleman, came to town Tuesday and attended the dance at Frank that night.

"Walk-over" Shoes are sellers. Hames has a full range in stock.

Dan Houston is suffering from blood-poisoning in the right hand.

Tuesday's east-bound flyer did not reach here till 9a.m. Wednesday.

New "Stetson" Hats, in all the latest styles—A. B. Hames.

T. D. Bunce, the popular rancher of Lundbreck, spent a few days in town this week.

William Janes attended the ball at Frank on Tuesday night, and voted the affair the most enjoyable he had ever attended.

Large numbers from Blairmore attended the dance and social given in the Miner's Hall at Frank on Tuesday night. A most enjoyable time was spent.

Saturday Special—Good-Willie's preserves, 35c. glass—A. B. Hames.

The rain storm of Tuesday and Wednesday caused the snow to diminish somewhat. Pools of water in all directions made travelling very unpleasant.

Lyon & Hinds, finding it impossible to handle all their business in the Pass, without additional help, have appointed sub-agents in each town to look after their interests.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are safe, sure and reliable, and have been praised by thousands of women who have been restored to health through their gentle aid and curative properties. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Bob Smith, of Moyie, B.C., who has spent a month or two in the Cranbrook hospital, suffering from an attack of rheumatism, is much improved and returned to Blairmore on Monday last.

The bridge crossing the river leading to the cemetery has become dangerous, much of the frame-work being in a state of decay. The city fathers have been notified of the fact and immediate steps will be taken for its recovery.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invariably bring relief to women suffering from chronic constipation, headache, biliousness, dizziness, sallowness of the skin and dyspepsia. Sold by dealers everywhere

Don't buy your spring Suit until you see Hames' splendid new stock which will be opened on March 15th.

Lyon & Hinds have about completed their sale of Leland Park lots in Calgary and will shortly place on the market their boulevarded lots adjoining Hillhurst in the city of Calgary. These are, without doubt the best lots of their kind ever offered for sale in Calgary.

Hiram Biggs, an elderly man, who last week we referred to as coming out of the Galt Hospital, became worse during the week, and on Wednesday was removed to the hospital at Frank. Mr. Biggs is troubled with an affection of the heart and is in a very weak state, and being so advanced in years, very little hope for his recovery is entertained.

The Summers Stock Co. will play the role of "The Witching Hour" in the Coleman opera house to-night, and no doubt will be favored with a full house. Mr. Blake and Miss Belle Stevenson hold no mean place in the estimation of theatre goers of the Pass. They are enlisted for a three night's engagement.

Gebo Talks of his Trip

Samuel Gebo, the electric light promoter of Lewistown, was in Judith Gap on his way home to Lewistown from a four months visit in European countries.

Mr. Gebo says France is the richest nation on earth and the wealth is equitably distributed among all the people. He attributes this condition to the fact that everybody works and that every foot of the soil is intensely cultivated. All the land there is fertilized every third year and crop rotation is followed. The first year after summer fallowing and fertilization, a crop of sugar beets is raised. The second year the same land is sowed to wheat and the third year to oats. Then comes a year of rest for the soil, when the same rotation is followed. Farm laborers get 40 cents a day and board themselves. France, in area, is just one fourth larger than the state of Montana, yet it supports 15,000,000 people.

In Servia, Bulgaria and Turkey the people raise only enough to eat, as all surplus would be taken by the crown and the inhabitants are poverty-striken. He has seen whole families herding a flock of twelve sheep, and the people were clothed in the primative garb worn in the time of Jacob.

Constantinople has a population of a million and a half and there is not a telephone or electric light in the city. One street in the city has a horse car line, and that has been in use about 30 years.

HEARD OF STRIKE.

Mr. Gebo had heard of the switchmen's strike in this country while he was away, but he was not aware of the fact that he individually was a loser to the extent of $10,000 or $12,000 by it until he reached his ranch, not far from Billings. Before the strike, his brother, who is managing the ranch, had made a shipment of beet-fed lambs to market and they had brought a good price. He had been feeding 4,000 more with sugar beets for several weeks in preparation for the Chicago market and they were in prime condition. He shipped 15 cars from the Northern Pacific and they were side-tracked at his ranch. During the process of loading for shipment the railroad officials wired him that they would not accept this consignment under any circumstances, as a strike of the switchmen was on. He figured that it cost him a dollar a head to feed the lambs on sugar beets, and putting them back onto hay they lost weight, and he has to carry them over to next year, feeding them on $20-a-ton fodder. Mr. Gebo believes there should be a national law compelling capital and labor to submit their differences to a board of arbitration in cases where impending strikes will cause innocent people to suffer.

He was emphatic in his statement that he intended to extend his electric light line from Moore to Judith Gap this summer. He has faith in the prosperity of Judith Gap and believes the town will grow rapidly as the surrounding country is developed.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Commission of Conservation on Feb. 2, 1910, these resolutions were adopted:

1. That a memorial be prepared and submitted expressing the opposition of the commission to the proposition to dam the St. Lawrence at the Long Sault, or to any similar proposition involving the construction of a dam across the St. Lawrence.

2. That the meeting records its opposition to the export of power at Fort Frances being authorized by the Government.